

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.— *James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XIII.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1905.

No. 8

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

L'ENVOI	89
THE NEW YEAR	90
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	91
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL: JUNO AND THE VERY BAD BOY	93
BIOGRAPHY: "THE GOOD LORD SHAFTESBURY"	94
NATURAL HISTORY: CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS	96
LETTERS OF A SISTER	96
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	98
REPORT OF DECEMBER MEETING	99
THE STILL HOUR	99
IMPORTANT NOTICES	100

L'ENVOI.

The passing bell proclaims it here—
The mystic midnight of the year,
Sacred to death and birth.
In silence comes a year new-given,
In silence goes the dead unshriven
To all the past of earth.

No click upon the wheel of time
That marks the centuries sublime—
No sound, no sign, is given.
So glide a thousand years away,
Serene as one unbroken day,—
The endless day of heaven.

Above, the calm and holy air,
Below, the earth all silver-fair;
All cold and clear and white,
Starry and dim and heavenly still,
The night goes on at His great will,
Maker of night and light.

In vast procession, grand and slow,
The mighty constellations go
Across their upper deep;
Beneath their still, unfaltering eyes
Our little world untroubled lies,—
A weary child asleep.

Our little world, and yet how wide!
What stretch of lands and seas divide
Beneath the selfsame skies!
How long is time, how wide is space,
Measured from one small hiding-place
In these immensities!

Out to the sweet and soothing night
I lean a face, with stars alight,
And think of all I love.
Or near or far my swift thought runs
And circles round its chosen ones,
Like the great thought above.

Not these alone, but all who lie
At rest beneath the guardian sky,
While tumults pause and 'cease.
My taper sends its glow-worm spark
Into the great world's outer dark,
With hail of love and peace.

O friends beloved, God keep you all!
Softly my prayers and blessings fall
On each unconscious head;
Your eyes from tears, your hearts from pain
Your homes with joy, your store with gain,
Be kept and comforted.

Live on, beloved, that life may be
The richer for your ministry—
One brightness far and near:
I dare not dream, you cannot know,
How poor were earth if you should go
Out of its light and cheer.

And you, unloved because unknown,
Whose hearts still beat with mine as one,
God bless you all to-night;
Your unknown dreams, your unheard
prayers,
Your secret hopes and fears and cares,
Be precious in His sight.

And if there be some hearts estranged,
Who deem me false, who find me changed,
Whose love from mine is riven,
O friends, where'er the blame may lie,
Let it to-night forever die:
Forgive and be forgiven.

There is no room for strife and hate,
We are so small and God so great,
And His all wrongs' redress.
Forget the blind, unworthy deed,
Remember each heart's sorest need,
Pity and tenderness.

There's not enough of love to lose,
There's not enough of joy to choose,
That we should miss the least;
But love need ask no doubtful leave;
She still can give, though none receive,
And find the giving blest.

O hearts that on my own take hold,
 O hearts indifferent and cold,
 One blessing on you fall.
 Life is so weak, and fate so strong,
 And joy so short, and grief so long,
 God help and shield you all!

O kindred of one common blood,
 I give you pledge of brotherhood,
 Sworn to the heaven above.
 The word is poor, the gift is small,
 Broken and vain the deeds may fall,
 The will is all of love.

—Henrietta A. Bingham.

THE NEW YEAR.

The thought of our having reached another stage in the progress of our earthly existence suggests a pause, in which serious thoughts take possession of our minds. But, though they may be serious, they will not be sad thoughts if we have been ordering our lives aright. Seriousness is the opposite of levity, but it is not gloom. It is steadiness of spirit and self-possession, and these are productive of true and abiding cheerfulness. The people most liable to fits of depression or self-dissatisfaction are they who are leading aimless or frivolous lives. At the end of a year it is surely wise and salutary to seek opportunities of quietly communing with our own hearts, and asking ourselves what manner of men and women we are or are becoming. Are we developing character, or are we simply as helpless waifs floating upon the stream of circumstance, becoming no wiser and no better with the swiftly passing weeks and months? Only God and ourselves know how each one of us can answer these questions. Our inner life, which is our true life, is mostly hidden life; hidden, that is to say, from our fellow-beings, except so far as we may choose to reveal it, but not hidden from the All-Seeing Judge. Now the true test of human happiness is the amount of satisfaction which the individual derives from retirement into his own personality. If we are not conscious that the kingdom of God is coming within our hearts, that is evidence that we are missing the purpose of life's experience and discipline. To understand and pursue that purpose is the secret of blessedness. It invests life with a moral interest which otherwise it can never possess, and without moral interest life necessarily becomes more or less unsatisfying, dull, and oppressively monotonous.

The true purpose of life is to *grow*. The

only life worth living is one of growth in knowledge, growth in wisdom, growth in goodness, or growth in all these things. Be our earthly years few or many, the important thing is that we so live that our inward man be strengthened and renewed day by day. If we are living aright, every circumstance and every experience of every day of our existence, welcome or unwelcome, will contribute to this strengthening and renewal: the older we grow in years, the younger and more vigorous we shall grow in spirit. Not a day passes without some event, great or little, arising to exercise our religion, either actively or passively; not a day without some duty to be performed, or some trial to be patiently endured; some kindness to be shown, or some forbearance to be put forth; some joys for which to be thankful, or it may be some sorrow or disappointment to be secretly and silently borne. In a certain sense there are no such things as little events. No event is really little which calls forth moral effort in a human soul; in other words, which contributes to the formation of human character. No event is really little which increases, in however small a degree, the amount of human joy. A kindly smile, a look or tone of love, a word of tender affection or sympathy, a kiss of fondness, are little things in themselves, but they are all in all as contributory to the happiness of earthly homes. And thank God there are plenty of people in this world, mostly women, whose habitual sweetness and graciousness of conduct and demeanor make one feel as if they carried about with them the moral atmosphere of heaven. They help us to believe in a state of future blessedness.

One of the wisest resolves any of us can act upon in the coming year, and in every year, is never to grow weary in the application of great principles to even the littlest things in life. Nothing is more ruinous to our peace than a lazy habit of soul, an unreadiness to put moral energy, active or passive, into everything with which we have to do. The besetting sin of human nature is spiritual indolence, and we are too apt to excuse ourselves in this regard by a make-believe that we should be energetic enough if we had greater opportunities than those which are given to us. But surely the best preparation for acquitting ourselves nobly, if great opportunities should arrive on the morrow, is to acquit ourselves nobly in the opportunities which are given to us to-day. Casting our glance forward, none of us can

foresee what the year has in store for us, how much of joy or sorrow, of prosperity or adversity, of health or sickness, of gladness or sadness. But, under any circumstances, one rule of conduct will always apply: having done all that we ought and all that we can, we must leave the rest with God in a spirit of meek and patient submission to his holy will.

"Hope and wish to Him resigning
In every new vicissitude,
In the peace that's past defining
We still shall find beatitude."

—*The Christian Life.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Second Church, Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem,

Mass. Reference required with first request: *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1904; *Harper's Bazar*, 1904; "Bird Lore"; "The Captured Scout," Life of Sergeant Manning, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment; "Phonetic Shorthand"; "Alice's Alphabet"; "Mother Goose's Rhyme"; "Our Little Men and Women"; "Childhood Valley"; "Character Sketches" (this is a publication in sixty-eight parts, unbound, a few parts missing. It is an illustrated encyclopædia of the characters in poetry, drama, romance, and fiction); sheet music.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Educational.

Cyr's "Third and Fourth Readers"; "First National Reader"; Chute's "Physics"; "History of Greece"; "English History"; Longman's "School Grammar"; "All the Year Round, a Nature Reader"; "The Child's Book of Nature"; Tweed's "Grammar"; Carpenter's "Rhetoric and English Composition"; "A Brief History of France"; "History of England"; "How Plants Grow," Gray; Worcester's "History"; "A New Method for the Study of English Literature"; "Astronomy for Schools and for General Reader."

Miscellaneous.

"Tales from Dixie," Paul L. Dunbar; "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius"; "The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu"; "My Summer in a Garden," Warner; "In Memoriam," Tennyson; "The Journal of Maurice de Guérin"; "Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal," Emma Marshall; "Venetian Life," Howells; "Hazel Blossoms," Whittier; "Songs, Madrigals, and Sonnets"; "The Poetical Album."

Juvenile.

"My Daughter Susan," "Christie's Old Organ," "Pictures and Stories of Animals," "Parlor Games," "A Christmas Child," "Castle Blair," "Bible Stories," Mary Howitt's "Tales in Prose," "Children's Picture Book," "Bonny's Fortune," "Zigzag Journey in the Orient," "The Child's Album of Pictures and Stories," "Little Rosebud's Picture Book."

Any one willing to pay freight on a barrel of magazines can receive the same by applying to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

Miss Mary R. Bulkeley, Hale Street, Beverly, Mass., offers the following: Holy Bible; "Elementary Geography," Maury; "First Reader," Franklin; "Morse Speller," Dutton; "English Book," Hyde; "Latin Reader," Harkness; "Spelling-book," Part I., Harrington; "Easy Latin Method," Harkness; "Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader," Russell; "Language Lessons," Swinton; "Third Reader," Butler; "Causeries avec les Enfants" (two copies), Sauveur; "History of England," Berard; "General History," Anderson; "Fifth Reader," Cyr; "First Steps in Algebra," Wentworth; "Beginners' Latin Book," Collier and Daniell; "Practical Arithmetic," Greenleaf; "English into French," Williams; "Intellectual Arithmetic," Colburn; "Télémaque," Fénelon; "Composition and Rhetoric," Hart; "Elementary Algebra," Bradbury; "Written Arithmetic," Walton; "German Grammar," Ahn; "Spelling-book," Reed; "Handbook of Punctuation," Bigelow; "Latin Lessons," Leighton; "History of England," Markham; "Lessons on the Life of Saint Paul," Hall; "Complaint or Night Thoughts," Young.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I come again asking for reading not for myself this time, but for a dear friend. I have shared all of my reading with her for a year. She is a farmer's wife with two small children, ages six and four. She would accept any kind of magazines, papers, or novels. I am ever so thankful for all the literature I have lately received. I am going to move from where I am. My future address will be, Wannville, Jackson County,

Alabama. The address of the friend I ask reading for is Mrs. S. A. Pace, R. F. D. No. 2, Waxahachie, Texas. Mrs. Ada V. Wann.

2. My mother wishes to become a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and asks me to write for her. She is seventy-five years old. She married at twenty-five, and raised seven children, all of whom have married and left her. She was left a widow eight years ago. Now, two of her grandsons, my dead sister's children, live with her. On the seventh of last February she fell from her horse and broke her left arm, mangleing her hand badly, and is not likely to ever be well again. She was once a school-teacher, and is still a dear lover of books, but is not able to buy but little reading of any kind, and, as she very seldom leaves home, she would be thankful if you can send her books, magazines, etc., to help pass the hours that indeed must be lonely for her. Also please send a few school-books for her two grandsons. Her address is Mrs. M. Jane Turner, Dodson, Virginia. And now let me thank the kind friends who sent books for myself and children, asking at this time for *one more*,—a Bible dictionary in coarse print. (Mrs.) Jennie J. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia.

3. *Dear Madam*,—I received so much benefit last winter from books and magazines sent me that I come again, asking for more. Anything for myself and children, aged ten and twelve years, would be greatly appreciated. We need school-books of the seventh grade very much, especially physiology and geography. Lyda K. Spaulding, Yuma, Arizona.

4. Miss Winifred L. Bridge, Dade City, Florida, asks for Wentworth's "Geometry" and Davis's "Physical Geography."

5. Mrs. Senie Murphy, Chesterhill, Ohio, expresses her thanks for the magazines sent for their club, and asks for "Sunnybrook Farm" and "Passage Perilous."

6. Mr. L. H. Kirby, Lenoir, North Carolina, is just recovering from a four months' illness of typhoid fever and rheumatism. He asks for any of the standard magazines, old or new.

7. Mrs. Ella McNamas, Park Rapids, Minnesota, would be glad to receive "Lady Rose's Daughter" or "Confessions of a Wife."

8. Miss Anna C. Porter, care of Dr. Hill, Augusta, Maine, an invalid away from home, asks for "Mary of Bethany," the book called "The House Beautiful," and any of the poets.

9. Rev. William A. Alleyn, Rockford, Michigan, writes: "I should be grateful if at any time you could send a good book for my daughter or for myself. I am trying to replace my library destroyed by fire. My line of books most needed in Theology, History, Biography, Poetry, Science, Ethics."

10. Mrs. Fannie Nolan, Shooting Creek, Virginia, wishes to express her gratitude and appreciation for the nice reading received. She has been too ill to write and takes this way of thanking all.

11. Mrs. Louise H. Goodwin, Allwood, Virginia, asks for "The Queen's Necklace," "The Interloper," and "The Masqueraders."

12. May I ask the friends of the *Cheerful Letter* to send some magazines and books to my sister, Mrs. Thomas H. Drummond, Sandiges, Amherst County, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1? She is a member of the society, but does not receive much reading matter, and she is entirely cut off from any kind of literary advantages. She is a young wife and mother, living on a farm, and trying hard to train carefully a bright little daughter of two years. I deeply appreciate the society's kindness to me. Owing to my school work and to sickness, my address has been changed so often in the last year that I have failed to receive much reading matter, and I miss it so much. I should be so glad of some books and magazines. I read and reread Mr. Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay," and I am so anxious to read the author's other books, also Miss Rives's "Hearts Courageous," Miss Johnson's "Sir Mortimer," and L. Malet's "Sir Richard Calmaday." Miss Annie L. Phillips, care Mr. R. M. Merryman, Rustburg, Campbell County, Virginia.

13. Rev. C. J. Black, Big Lick, North Carolina, will be grateful for "The Ministry of the Spirit" and "How Christ came to Church," by A. J. Gordon.

14. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, 14 Eighth Avenue, Haverhill, Mass., asks for *The Woman's Journal* and the "American Boy."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

JUNO AND THE VERY BAD BOY.

Juno considered all the scholars that she had first engaged as belonging to her school, and she felt a certain degree of responsibility for every one of them. There were two, however, that did not come,—Dick and Sally Lane. Juno did not on this account dismiss them from her thoughts. On the contrary, the more disinclined a child was to come to the Sunday-school, the more, as she thought, he needed the good influences of such instruction. As for Sally Lane, there was no particular difficulty. It was simply that she would not come to the school. But Dick, besides refusing to come, made Juno a great deal of trouble. In fact, he was quite a bad boy for one so young. He was older than most of Juno's scholars, though even he was not more than nine or ten. But he tried to exert the influence that his age gave him over the other children in a very bad way. He attempted to persuade them, during the week, not to come to the Sunday-school; and on Sundays he used to station himself on the way leading toward Pompey's house, and there intercept the children, and try to persuade them to go off to play with him instead of going to school.

And, when he could not succeed in doing this, before he saw Juno coming, he would hide in the bushes; and, as soon as Juno had passed, he would throw stones after her along the path.

One day he did something even worse than this. Juno was accustomed to keep some of her apples—such as were left over on any Sunday after the distribution of her rewards—in a small wooden box, which box she used to put away in a dark place in the garret, under the eaves, just outside the school-room, where she thought they would be safe till the next week. One Sunday, when she came to open her box, she found that the apples were all gone.

She was quite troubled at this, not, indeed, on account of the loss of the apples, nor because her scholars would have to go without any rewards that day, but she suspected that some of her children might have taken the fruit, and it grieved her to think that any of them would steal.

She found out afterward that it was Dick who had purloined the apples.

He gave one apple to Pompling, and charged him not to tell, and then carried

the rest of the apples away. Pompling did not think that one apple was enough to pay him for keeping the secret, and so he told Juno all about the affair.

One day, about a fortnight after this, Juno, in walking into the village, saw Mr. Osborne's carriage coming along the road.

So Cato turned the horses aside and stopped. Mary Osborne bowed to Juno and smiled, and then began immediately to ask about her Sunday-school. After answering several questions, Juno said, "I follow the advice you were so kind as to send me,—to make as much as I can of the good in my scholars, and not take a great deal of notice of the bad,—and I find it succeeds very well."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," said Miss Osborne.

"I find it does very well," continued Juno, "to praise and reward the good when there is any good. But what shall I do with a boy that there is not any good in at all?"

"Why, that is rather a hard case," said Miss Osborne, smiling. "But I will tell you what you must do. You must try to contrive some way to *entice* him into doing some good or other, and then praise him for that. Perhaps you can give him a start in that way. But have you really got a scholar so bad that you can't find any good in him at all?"

"One," said Juno.

"I should not think he could stay in your school-room a single day," said Mary Osborne, "without your finding something in him that you could speak well of."

"That's just the difficulty," said Juno. "He won't come to the school at all, so that I have no chance."

"But you said he was one of your scholars," said Miss Osborne. "What makes you call him your scholar if he does not come to your school?"

"I don't know exactly," said Juno. "He is on my list, and I want to make him a good boy."

"You must come and tell me about him," said Miss Osborne. "Stop at our house the first evening when you are going by, and we will talk the matter over."

Juno was greatly strengthened and encouraged by the interest which Miss Osborne took in her work, independent of the benefit which she derived from her counsel.

"That's it," said she to herself. "I must entice him into doing some good if it is ever so little, and then praise him for it, and so

let him taste the pleasure of being a good boy and of having people think well of him, and that will be a good beginning.

"And then another thing I must do," said Juno. "I must contrive some way to make him *like* me. If I can only get him to like *me*, he will be much more ready to do as I say. And to make him begin to like me I must try to find out something that I can do for him."

"No," she added, after a moment's pause. "No. It will be better for me to get him to do something for *me*."

Juno would have found it very difficult to explain to herself why she thought the best way to make Dick begin to like her was to induce him to do *her* a favor rather than for her to do *him* one. It was in some sense an instinctive feeling that led her to this conclusion, not any theory. Her idea, however, was very correct. In dealing with persons who are inferior to us, either in age, wealth, influence, or station, we can generally begin a good understanding with them much more easily by asking a kindness of them than by offering one to them. It is different in some respects when the person is our superior.

(To be continued.)

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Lord Ashley was the sworn foe of oppression in whatever form it might be exercised. It mattered not to him whether the oppressed were nations or individuals, his whole nature rose against tyranny and injustice, and he could not forbear to throw himself into the breach and assist the weak against the strong. The year 1844 opened with heavy demands upon his sympathies. At home his aid was claimed by oppressed needlewomen—a class for whom he was always a willing advocate—and abroad by the ill-used Ameers of Scinde. As usual he found himself either left almost alone to fight these battles, or else supported only by those from whom he had the least reason to expect help.

On the 8th of February, 1844, he brought forward his motion for an address to the crown, praying that her majesty will be "graciously pleased to take into her consideration the situation and treatment of the Ameers of Scinde; and that she will direct their immediate restoration to liberty and the enjoyment of their estates, or make such

provision for their future maintenance as may be considered a just equivalent." He had waited until the close of the previous session before he gave notice, in the hope that appeals might arrive from the imprisoned Ameers; and these not having come, he had intended to abandon his notion, lest from incapacity he might compromise their interests. But a letter from Sir Henry Pottinger in the *Morning Chronicle* of January 8 now compelled him to bring the matter before the House. Sir Henry denounced the treatment of the Ameers as "the most unprincipled and disgraceful that had ever stamped the annals of our empire in India." That; Lord Ashley maintained, was true, to the very letter. These princes were a fraternity of crowned heads, each having a separate and independent principality, but ruling conjointly and federally under the style and title of the Ameers of Scinde. They inhabited a country which their ancestors had acquired by conquest, and ruled over a people of different language and religion from themselves; but, if that were to be used as an argument against them, it would recoil with tenfold force upon ourselves.

Of the long and forcible indictment thus brought by Lord Ashley against the Indian government, only a very brief summary has been given here. A journal that did not share in his views said of it, "The splendid speech of the noble mover was worthy of his humane and generous motive, and both were worthy of his high character"; . . . and after the debate had run its length Sir Robert Peel (the prime minister) defended the Indian government, apparently basing his defence on the general principle that uncivilized nations were made to be conquered. He certainly did say, "I am afraid there is some great principle at work wherever civilization and refinement come in contact with barbarism which makes it impossible to apply the rules observed amongst more advanced nations." He stated that the liberation of the Ameers was incompatible with the peace of India, but that they would be removed to a greater distance where less restraint would be necessary, and £24,000 a year would be devoted to their maintenance and service.

The result of the motion is thus told by Lord Ashley in his diary:—

"February 9th.—Wonderful success last night—personal success, I mean, alas!—in my motion respecting the Ameers of Scinde.

But what is the use of making speeches which are admired and extolled? I obtained but sixty-eight votes against two hundred and two for the government. Never did I see a more convincing proof of the pernicious effect of party on the moral sense: most were satisfied, indeed, some said so, and yet voted, because Peel did, point-blank against me! Peel, as usual, was narrow, and in a tone of morality lower by far than the ordinary run of ministers. Even John Russell rebuked him!

"February 21st.—Read last night with indescribable pain—and yet every one might have foreseen it—that the French had taken full possession of Tahiti, deposed Queen Pomare, and seized the sovereignty. Thus has fallen the only kingdom which, from its head to its feet, in all its private and public relations, in all that it said, permitted, or did, was a Christian state, founded on the truths of the gospel, and governed by the simplicity of God's word. Popery will henceforward reign without control, with all its train of spiritual, moral, and physical evils. What an inscrutable Providence! But England is without excuse. We might, humanly speaking, have averted this mischief. It lay most easily and most securely two years ago in Aberdeen's power. The sin is personal to the ministry, national to our Church and people. But what can we say or protest as a nation? Will not they throw Scinde in our teeth?

"February 24th.—Wrote to Aberdeen a short note about Tahiti, to assure him that it was far more than a question of the sympathy of a few Dissenters."

Interest in affairs abroad did not distract Lord Ashley's attention from the more pressing affairs at home.

The demand for further limitation in the hours of labor had been urged by the working classes with increased vehemence, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire, between the session of 1843 and the opening of Parliament in 1844. The reports of the inspectors of factories, issued from time to time, had been eagerly read by those who were interested in the welfare of the working classes; and the agitation, headed by Lord Ashley, was daily gaining fresh sympathizers, and in the same proportion was concentrating the enmity of those who were opposed to it. The time was ripening rapidly for the great struggle which was to end in victory.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS.

The force and weight of anecdotes of animals depend greatly, like all testimony, on the impartiality of the witness, so I will premise by saying that, although a lover of animals in general, and having had the usual rural domestic menagerie of rabbits, squirrels, birds, goats, dogs, and horses, I was not naturally fond of cats after they ceased to be kittens, and never had one as a pet until I was past thirty. Then, coming back to a country house which was overrun with mice, it became necessary to have a cat, and a white kitten was introduced, third in descent from a white Persian cat. She had some of the marks of her breed in unusual length and softness of fur, thickness of tail, thinness of ears, and elegance and finish of form. The last peculiarities were striking also in her attitudes and movements, even to her mode of eating, and gained her the name of Princess. She very soon attached herself to me with an affection which would have been remarkable in a dog, and which developed with her intelligence, which I then supposed to be extraordinary. But, although I have found that I was mistaken in this, from ignorance of the species, there was a concentration and intensity in her emotions which exceeded anything I have seen since in any animal. It was so apparent in her expression that visitors seldom failed, after admiring her shape and coat, to notice it. They commented on what they termed her human look. Three different persons at different times said, "That cat has a soul."

If the sentiment of the moment was love of her master or mistress (the only persons to whom she ever attached herself), it was the deep, unutterable gaze which we know in the dog. If it was love of her kittens, there was a tenderness and pride which made maternal fondness in the human face seem tame and foolish. If it was jealousy,—and like most animals she was jealous,—the term "green-eyed monster" had its full significance; for her irises, which were amber color, changed their hue entirely, her pinkish nose and ears blanched, her face grew peaked—nearly triangular. In fact, she looked detestable. But, if it was anger or hatred,—and Princess was a good hater,—her head flattened like a snake's, her jaw took the lines of a tiger's in miniature, and she had the face of a devil. There were other emo-

tions which she expressed not less vividly,—eagerness in pursuit of prey, for she was a great mouser and soon cleared the house of mice and kept the garden free of moles. Here there was nothing savage, only a look of intense keenness, alertness, and pleasure,—wistfulness, as when she wandered round the outside of the house in winter, looking for an open door or window; despair, when her kittens were taken from her, or when she saw the preparations for a journey in my room; contentment, when she lay on the table in the evening between her master and mistress, her paws tucked under her, her eyes half-closed, her small pink mouth half open, showing her little white teeth in a genuine smile. It was not the mere cosey, comfortable aspect of an ordinary cat it was a look of beatitude. We never called any one's attention to the smile, not wishing to be set down as idiots; but friends occasionally discovered it for themselves and exclaimed upon it. I have noticed that many cats smile: they do not grin like a dog, or as horses sometimes do, but they smirk for half an hour together. Some cats have a strong sense of fun, and are practical jokers like monkeys. Princess and Czarina had this quality notably, and their faces expressed it, but without a motion of the risible muscles. The cat's smile means satisfaction.—*S. B. Wister in Temple Bar.*

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To James Freeman Clarke.

FRIDAY, Dec. 12, 1834.

My dear James,—. . . I hope we shall be able to manage it so that Thomas can continue at Mr. Alcott's school, for his improvement in manners and morals since he has been there is really astonishing. The influence is just what was promised. I thought that, if we were obliged to go out of town again, if he could be placed to board with Mr. and Mrs. Alcott, it would be the best thing for him, though I do not know that they would be willing to take that charge of him.

Thomas Curtis says he has a plan for W. and A., and he is going to write to them immediately about it; and, if they go into business at St. Louis, so that they are firmly fixed there, I suppose there is little doubt that we must shortly go there. We must do so: I do not see what else we can do.

Tuesday morning who should walk in but —. He had just arrived with —, having

come to—'s wedding, and he came to ask me to get ready and go back with them; but, as you may suppose, I could not leave mother, so they have gone back without me to-day. — asked me to go to the wedding, and I did, and a pleasant time I had. I never was made so much of before; for next to the bride and bridegroom she and — were the (lions?) of the evening, and she absolutely devoted herself to me. She dragged me into all the high places, to the great amazement of a host of near relatives, who could not imagine what interloper that was. During the ceremony she had hold of my hand, and at one time I thought she was going to faint away; for her head sunk on my bosom, and I had to support her. Fortunately we were so squeezed in the crowd that only the next persons noticed it. She revived when she heard Almira H. behind us whispering, "We shall have supper presently." It was irresistible—such a mundane thought. At the supper she exhibited the *bel esprit* to perfection, and carried on a war of wit with George Hillard. Charles Emerson I had a long talk with, and now I have enough more to say to fill up a big sheet. You must know I gave him your "Defence of Carlyle" to read, and told him to give it to Waldo, and they both want it published; and Waldo has written you this letter, I suppose about it. He brought it here yesterday, but I was so unlucky as not to be at home to see him, and he has gone back to Concord to-day: I wanted to talk with him about it. Charles admired it, particularly that part where you tell Mr. Norton that he made his own Christianity. He left a message that Dr. Bradford was reading it and that he would return it to me. I want very much to read this letter, and it is only on my own account that I do not break the seal. He wanted it sent by a private opportunity, but I think you will like to have it now. Mother said he talked in the highest terms of the "Defence"; but, as she had never heard of it before, she did not know what he meant. I knew that Margaret would not be offended by my giving it to him to read, for you know it belongs to her. I had a letter from her last Sunday.

Isaac is dying for a prose article for his magazine, but I am afraid from the specimen number that it would sink amidst the froth of the other articles. I sent the number he brought me to Sam: it contained one of his letters from South America.

Mr. Ware told me that William Eliot was

remembered in New York from his one Sunday there, and they inquired if he would not preach for them again. He wants much to hear how he gets on. Mr. Palfrey asked after Mr. Clarke. "Who is that?" said George. "You don't mean James." "I have no right to know him as anything but Mr. Clarke," said the Dean, "though I feel toward him as if I should like to know him as James."

Harriet and George both seem happy, and she says she is very happy. What a pity that my paper is not larger.

BOSTON, Dec. 21, 1834.

My dear James,—I shan't send this letter till I receive one from you, so you had better make haste. Mrs. Bliss came here yesterday to borrow your "Defence of Carlyle." She has been reading "Sartor Resartus" and likes it hugely; and George Bradford, to whom Mr. Emerson lent it, told her about it, and she asked me if I had any objection to Ellen Sturgis reading it, too, and I told her, "No, or any one else who cared about the subject." She said she felt always as if she knew you very well, as George Davis had been so much in the habit of quoting you, and she thought your sayings must be very transportable; and I thought within myself that perhaps George had improvised considerably. I told you about the wedding in my last. We have a new set of boarders,—James Curtis and his family, Miss Dwight, and some others who have not yet arrived and are unknown. I must have told you that James Curtis is appointed superintendent of the Worcester Railroad, and is to live in Boston in future. I saw grandfather to-day. He is serene and heavenly as usual: is as much disturbed by your not writing as anything.

Please to send me by the first opportunity that letter about Medora that you were going to put in the *Knickerbocker*. Since you thought of publishing it, I will give it to Isaac, particularly as it is really not my own composition, but for the most part what I overheard—founded on fact and built with facts.

I promised to tell about Mr. Seaton. He was one day at Mrs. Child's, and she told him that a young woman had been to see her to ask her for sewing work to do, as she was very poor, and that, seeing a New Jerusalem on the table, she had opened it and read a little, and then had said she wished she had such a faith. "Then," said my en-

thusiastic friend, "I will try to give her that faith." Accordingly, armed with some New Jerusalem books and a bundle of unmade shirts, he set forth to Cambridge where she lived, and was received, not by her, but her sister, who was enraged at his abrupt proposal to convert her and dismissed him with incivility, refusing both the Swedenborgianism and the shirts. But lo! a soft voice recalled him, and the more gentle spirit of the younger sister was grateful for his instructions and consented to read the books and make the shirts. After this the affair rapidly came to a crisis; but, when he asked the mother's permission to marry her daughter, she told him that her daughter had been insane. "Very well," said he, "so they say have I." That she did not know how to keep house or do any useful thing. "No more do I," said he. That she was in debt. "And so am I." The sympathy was complete, and they were forthwith married. He has taken rooms over the green stores, and the mother and other sister live with them. I have not seen her, but Amelia and myself talk of calling and making the acquaintance.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

A DOUBLE CHARADE.

Did you ever notice that some puzzles have two answers equally good, or in some cases the *wrong* answer is better than the one proposed by the maker? To the conundrum, "What is that which a lady always looks for and never wishes to find?" a lady of uncertain age guessed, "Gray hairs," a much better answer than the real one,— "A hole in her stocking." To "What flower did a young man's father punish him with?" a boy of ten, probably taught by experience, answered, "Lady's-slipper," which is certainly better than "Goldenrod." To "What fine flowers have we in our bodies?" a lady answered "Irises," which is better than "Tulips" (two lips). So we could go on indefinitely. We have never seen this fact so neatly and completely illustrated, however, as in the following beautiful charade, which has two answers, the first and last syllables, and the whole word being equally good, whichever answer is chosen.

I.

CHARADE

'Twas bitter cold, the sky was gray,
The night was falling fast,
When as I took my homeward way,
I chanced upon my *last*.

I lifted up the little waif,
My *first* and almost dead,
Beneath my cloak I clasped it fast,
" 'T will please my whole," I said.

And I remembered as went,
The verse in the New Testament,
How sparrows have a Father's care;
Another *whole* is every hair.

(From *A Century of Charades*.)

II.

EMIGMA.

(For the *Cheerful Letter*.)

My *first* is five;
My *second's* one;
My *fourth* is fifty;
My *third* is none;
My *whole*, when by a master touched,
Will multitudes entrance,
Tears of compassion it will bring,
Or lead the merry dance.

III.

TRANSPONITIONS.

Familiar Household Words.

Astchr, chamt, lovec, cocobat, mobro,
hatehr, lain, haire.

IV.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Who wrote most, Warren, Dickens, or Bulwer?

2. If the house was on fire, what three authors' names would you say?

(It has been suggested that you would be more likely to say them if you burned your finger or if smarting from a caustic.)

V.

PRINTER'S PL.

v r i t a y e s i h e T p i s c f o e l e f i .
(This is a sentence of six words.)

Answers to Puzzles in December Number.

I. A Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year.

II. Orange, pineapple, peach, apple, plum, limes, nuts, lemons, almonds.

III. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

IV. A watch.

V. Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily cross the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the way,
A sad one tires in a mile-a.

VI. Hang sorrow; care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

- VII. 1. Three, one in her head, and one in each shoe.
 2. Double you, O man! (W-o-m-a-n.)
 3. What does Y-e-s spell?

REPORT OF DECEMBER MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting was held at 25 Beacon Street on Friday, December 2, with Miss Clarke in the chair. Thirty-eight were present.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and approved.

The Assistant Secretary reported that seven responses to the "Posters" had been received, and she read several of the letters.

Miss Brown stated that there were now 150 Travelling Libraries in use. The person having charge of one in Indian Territory wrote that, in order to make the best use of the books, a reading club had been formed.

Twenty-five committees were represented, and four reported by letter.

The Canton one of the Alliance meetings is to be a Cheerful Letter meeting.

The Chestnut Hill branch is to pay the expenses of Mrs. Wicker's library in Fayetteville for one month.

Many of the committees, beside their regular work for correspondents, have sent boxes and barrels of reading to various institutions for distribution among invalids, sailors, and soldiers. The meeting adjourned at twelve o'clock.

BERTHA LANGMAID,
Secretary.

THE STILL HOUR.

The years are gathering fast behind,
 Each ordered by Thy will;
 Help us to live, with Christ-like mind,
 The years unentered still;
 In all may we Thy presence find,
 Be safe from every ill.

We struggle oft beneath our load,
 We falter on the way;
 Yet still Thy light is on our road
 And turns our night to day;
 In blessing, from thy blest abode
 Comes every cheering ray.

The Christ who trod the ways of earth
 To lift our souls to Thee,
 Assures us of our heavenly birth,
 And calls us to be free,
 Released from things of lower worth,
 With him, Thy sons to be.

—Dendy Agate.

It is a conquest when we can lift ourselves above the annoyance of circumstances over which we have no control; but it is a greater victory when we can make those circumstances our helpers, when we can appreciate the good there is in them.—*Lucy Larcom.*

I can wish for you the things I hold good things,—a deep, intense love for one higher and stronger than yourself, or that peace and joy which come, one sees, to some elect natures who have got rid of the aching and yearnings of self, and live in the life of others.—*George S. Merriam.*

Let me live in continual preparation for prayer, in such a state of mind that I may immediately engage in it.

In the morning, when I see any of my friends, after the night's separation, let me receive them as new gifts from God, as raised from the dead.

Consider man as a favored child of God, united by the tie of brotherhood to the Son of God, called to an immortal life, destined to endure and to improve through all ages, to extend his views and affections, to fill a wider and wider sphere, and to perform more and more noble services in the universe through an endless existence.

When a good cause suffers from the excesses of its friends, the true course is not to abandon it in despair, nor to surrender it to the frenzy of the populace, but to espouse and prosecute it with calm wisdom, enlightened zeal, and unfettered, fearless resolution. The great interests of humanity do not lose their claims on us because sometimes injudiciously maintained. We ought to blame extravagance, but we ought also to remember that very often it is the indifference of the many to a good and great work which hurries the few who cleave to it into excess.—*Channing.*

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Let us be only patient, patient; and let God our Father teach his own lesson his own way. Let us try to learn it well and learn it quickly, but do not let us fancy that he will ring the school-bell and send us to play before our lesson is learned.—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Learn that the thing to fear is not death, but life.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange workers at 25 Beacon Street, Friday, January 6, at 10.30 o'clock. All interested in this object are cordially invited.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

A higher morality, like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow growth.—*Herbert Spencer.*

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY,—Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.